

JEROME CORNERS THE PARSONS

HELP MY EXCISE BILL OR INSIST ON THE LAW BEING KEPT.

Which Will Bring the Same Result, the District Attorney Tells 'Em—Gets an Unwilling Committee Appointed to Make McAdoo Do His Duty—Plain Talks on Rum—Outbreak by Parkhurst.

District Attorney William Travers Jerome went out after the evangelical ministers of New York yesterday afternoon to enlist their aid in his campaign against present conditions in the liquor traffic in this city.

What he said to the ministers sounded very much like Mr. Jerome and very little like an address to a gathering of ministers and representative prohibitionists.

"Here is a proposal," said Mr. Jerome, "and I don't intend to have you gentlemen duck it. I will go with you to Commissioner McAdoo and ask him to enforce the so-called Haines law as it stands upon the books."

"If they want to enforce the law they can. They don't. You are right up against it with me now. I ask you to aid me in the amendment or enforcement of this law."

"If you duck this proposition, I say again, your actions will commend neither your intelligence nor your integrity. So gentlemen, it is up to you. You may not agree with me on the advisability of amending the law, but you will show very easily whether there is any virtue in the superstition that the resolutions of an outfit of ministers have any real effect on a police force that is 'taking the stuff' for ignoring the law."

Joseph Talcott offered a resolution, which was passed without a dissenting voice, though some of the conferees did not vote for it, authorizing the chairman to appoint a committee of twenty representatives of the various religious and temperance bodies represented to act with the District Attorney in making resolutions to Mr. McAdoo, Mr. McClellan and Mr. Higgins.

The passing of the resolutions was preceded by a debate of some length, in which more or less prominent prohibitionists and clergymen took part. William T. Wardwell, once candidate for Governor on the Prohibition ticket, announced that he would not vote for the resolutions, but that he would not get into a fight with him for it.

"Come on and be laughed at," says Jerome, "and be laughed at. I didn't say we wouldn't be laughed at. I know what you'll do, even if you pass this resolution. You'll get out of here and talk this thing over and then you'll weaken. You'll say to yourselves: 'This man Jerome has got us up against it. Now we've got to get out and make a front because he has put it up to us but we won't go any further than we have to go. We can't accomplish anything toward the enforcement of this law.' That's the way you will prove your sincerity in the cause of temperance and reform."

"Let me tell you, gentlemen, that I am sufficiently acquainted with the little game of politics as it is played in this day and generation to know that if you will go into this fight with me in earnest you will get action and plenty of it. The law can be enforced—even though the price of its enforcement is the political ruin of the party in power at the time. But I know this, that if the Methodist and Baptist churches, strong as I know them to be in the western part of the State, hold up their fingers—and mean business—the Republican Governor of the State will dance."

"PUTS IT UP TO THESE BROTHERS." The meeting was the result of a letter sent by Mr. Jerome to the National Temperance Society asking it to bring together a number of representative men from the evangelical churches and the temperance societies to talk with him about the present condition of the liquor traffic in this city. Representatives of the National Temperance Society, the Prohibition party, the New York Methodist Preachers' Meeting, the Society for the Prevention of Crime, the Good Templars, the Sons of Templars, the Baptist Ministers' Association, the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Religious Society of Friends were there.

The conference was held in the rooms of the National Temperance Society, 3 East Fourteenth street. W. Stewart Dodge presided. He read Mr. Jerome's letter asking for a chance to talk to the ministers and then asked Mr. Jerome to go ahead.

The District Attorney began by explaining to the conferees that it was no part of his duty to enforce the law. His duty began and ended as a public official with the prosecution of offenders brought to him by the police. He said that his so-called "county detectives" were merely subpoena servers and had no police powers. He had spent a great amount of time in his capacity as a private citizen, and in the last year had spent \$1,000 out of his private pocket to do what he thought was necessary detective work outside of the actual requirements of his office.

"IT'S BIGHOUSE TO CLOSE THE SALOONS." Mr. Jerome said that he came into the conference not as District Attorney but as a private citizen who had the very great advantage of easy access to the Grand Jury, but nothing more. He dealt at length with the theory that the closing of the saloons on Sunday, and he believed that theory was righteous and, according to all moral considerations, ought to prevail. But he could not believe that it was the duty of the State to

COULDN'T ARREST DIPLOMAT.

Washington Police, However, Will Try to Get After French Consul.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—M. Des Portes de la Fosse is councillor of the French Embassy in Washington, ranking next to Ambassador Jusserand. He owns a big motor car that can go at a tremendous rate of speed whenever M. Des Portes de la Fosse is so inclined.

According to a report made to the superintendent of police to-day, he was so inclined last Sunday, New Year's Day, and when a bicycle policeman sought to arrest him the French diplomat drew about him the mantle of diplomatic immunity and scurried off soot free.

The bicycle policeman is Sergt. Bode, who is stationed in the fashionable northwestern part of Washington, where most of the members of the Diplomatic Corps and a majority of those who can afford to own motor cars reside.

The best he could do when the French diplomat's machine whizzed by was to look at the license number.

Bode found that the number he had taken down was that of a machine owned by M. Des Portes de la Fosse of the French Embassy. He found also that two previous complaints of overspeeding had been made against M. Des Portes de la Fosse. Sergt. Bode thought it was high time that something should be done in the matter, so he made a special report to the superintendent of police, giving the details of the incident.

Just what the outcome of the case will be is problematical. The superintendent of police will send Sergt. Bode's report to the District of Columbia Commissioners and they may send it to the State Department, which may send it to the French Embassy. But it is likely to fall by the wayside somewhere between its present whereabouts and the desk of the French Ambassador.

MRS. M'KEE ASKED DIVORCE.

Fact Becomes Public in Pittsburgh—Papers Were Kept Secret.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 3.—Assertions, alleged to have been made by A. Hart McKee of New York, that he had been divorced from his wife, Mrs. Eliza McKee, by the action of a court, were discovered in Common Pleas Court No. 3 to-day. It appears Mrs. Eliza S. McKee, nee Sutton, filed an application for divorce early last summer. Every one connected with the affair was pledged to secrecy and the papers were never in their accustomed place.

The name entered on the docket was that of Andrew H. McKee, which misled those familiar with A. Hart McKee. The fact that the suit was pending developed when Attorney Thomas Patterson handed the report of Master E. L. Matters to Judge Kennedy in court.

Clerk H. R. Lean, who has charge of the papers in court, when asked if the record in this suit had been in its usual place, admitted that he had been keeping the matter secret since early in December.

What the testimony in the case contains will not be known until the record is filed by the court. Mrs. McKee is said to have testified at great length concerning the allegations against her husband. Whether or not McKee testified is known only to the lawyers and the interested public. He was represented by counsel, Well & Thorpe being his attorneys.

Mrs. McKee testified that she was married on Nov. 21, 1892, to her husband, and that two children were born to her. The wedding is said to have been performed by the Rev. Dr. Martin B. Riddle. Mr. McKee is now said to be 34 years old, and his wife one year younger.

Mrs. McKee's maiden name is given in the marriage license records as Eliza McKandish Sutton. She is a daughter of Dr. R. S. Sutton of Allegheny. Her father is the only one who maintained that his daughter had not secured a divorce. The suit was filed shortly after the announcement was made that Hart McKee had settled the income of \$30,000 on his wife and children.

WENT TO DANCES AS A WOMAN.

Women Attack Him When They Discover It—Sent to Jail for 30 Days.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 3.—William Henry Mackintosh, a stenographer, employed by the Pullman Car Company at the local office, was recently arrested for the crime of passing as a woman. He was arrested by the American Flint Glass Workers at the South Side Turner Hall. He was dressed in woman's attire and had been caught in the women's private room.

The women jumped on Mackintosh and would have torn him to pieces but for Mary Duffy, who befriended him until the police arrested him. Mackintosh was dressed in his full regalia when placed before Magistrate. He was sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse. Mackintosh had done for two years he had been masquerading as a girl at public dances. He frequently went out shopping in female attire and bought all his own dresses and other apparel. He mingled with women wherever he went, and none had discovered his secret until recently, when he told some of his friends of the fun he was having at small expenses.

His companions gathered at his home at night to watch some swain bring him home. He never invited his escorts into the house, and he said he had been hugged and kissed by scores of young women. Mackintosh said that the story began to be whispered about and proved his undoing.

TWINS OUT IN THE COLD.

Baby Girls Three Months Old—Mother Locked Up on Her Sister's Charges.

Mrs. Mary McNamara, with two baby girls, twins three months old, in her arms, was standing at 133rd street and Eighth avenue last night, almost overcome with the cold, when Policeman Erin of the 122nd street station house passed. The babies were in a considerably worse condition than the mother. They were taken from the woman to the 3rd Precinct Hospital.

GREAT IDAHO LAND FRAUDS.

DUBOIS MAKES CHARGES INVOLVING HIGH OFFICIALS.

Charges Bankers and Others With Getting a Million Dollars Worth of Pine Forests—Hittory Said to Have Been Used—Like the Oregon Land Cases.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—Announcement was officially made here to-day that information had been submitted to President Roosevelt and Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department tending to show that extensive land frauds had been perpetrated on the public domain in Idaho for several years. The matter received a sensational turn from the presentation by Senator Dubois of evidence bearing on the matter, and a hint that before the investigation was concluded in Idaho another United States Senator might become involved in the land scandal.

Disclosures have been made which those responsible for them say will show the existence in Idaho of gigantic land frauds and timber depredations more startling in their nature, more extensive in their scope and involving more men of prominence than those recently made in Oregon and California.

The evidence brought to the attention of the Administration by Senator Dubois is in the form of affidavits for several years. In addition, verbal charges have been made, which later will be reduced to writing and sworn to, involving men who hold places of trust under the Federal Government, State officials in Idaho and men prominent in social and business circles of that State. This, briefly, is the information that has been placed in the hands of the Administration.

A full investigation has been authorized by Secretary Hitchcock. The officials say that it may take weeks to conclude the inquiry set on foot.

The affidavits presented by Senator Dubois were sent to him by Frederick D. Culver of Lewiston, Idaho, who was the Democratic candidate for Attorney-General of his State two years ago. They charge frauds against W. F. Kestelman, president of a trust company; George H. Koster, cashier of a bank; and Clarence Robinson, all of Lewiston, in connection with the entry of more than a million dollars worth of white pine land through Registrar J. B. West of the Lewiston land office.

This is understood to be the only specific case cited, but the existence of a wide-spread system of stealing valuable timber lands from the Government is alleged in the affidavits, which also contain many sensational charges as to the methods of a ring and the wide extent of its operations.

The statement is made by those familiar with the situation in Idaho that the operations of the Idaho ring were along the line of the methods employed by land grabbers in Oregon. The Idaho syndicate devoted its time to acquiring timber lands. Bribery cut a big figure in the far Western land frauds, and such extreme methods, it is alleged, will be found to have prevailed in Idaho.

These charges relative to the frauds do not come as yet from official sources, and for that reason Secretary Hitchcock and Land Commissioner Richards will not discuss them except in general terms. The officials express the belief, however, that the picture of frauds and corruption in Idaho has not been overdrawn.

An interesting phase of the Idaho case is the part taken by Senator Dubois in bringing it to public notice. He is understood to entertain a very hostile feeling toward his colleague, Senator Heyburn, but what connection Mr. Heyburn has with the matter is not made clear.

It was developed to-day that in the last three weeks more than 1,500 land patents for timber and homestead entries in Oregon, emanating from the Roseburg district, where all the trouble began, have been held out by the Secretary of the Interior. About 200,000 acres of valuable agricultural and grazing sections are involved. The discovery of the frauds in the Roseburg district were made about a month ago and they were promptly reported to Secretary Hitchcock.

OREGON LAND FRAUDS.

Puter, Recently Convicted, Says He Gave Senator Mitchell \$2,000 for Influence.

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 3.—S. A. D. Puter, recently convicted in this city with Horace G. McKinley, Daniel T. Tarpley and Mrs. Emma Watson of conspiracy to defraud the United States Government of lands, made a statement to-day in contradiction of statements issued by United States Senator Mitchell, indicted on Saturday last by a Federal grand jury, that he had given \$2,000 to use his influence with Bingey Hermann to expedite these claims in 1911.

THREE BURNED IN SUBWAY CAR.

Steel Umbrella Placed Behind Motor Box Causes a Short Circuit.

Edward Taylor of 243 Eighth avenue, a motorman employed in the subway, and George Riddell, a car inspector of 666 East 132d street, were badly burned yesterday at the 157th street station through some mischievous person placing a steel umbrella behind the motor box. The train had not taken on any passengers. It was about to pull into the station to the downtown tracks from the uptown tracks. The motor box current, and as soon as the train started there was a blinding flash which completely surrounded the motorman.

Taylor tried to get the umbrella out, and in doing so he was badly burned about the face and hands. He screamed for help, and Riddell and some of the guards ran to him. Riddell was badly burned about the face and hands, and one of the guards was slightly burned. All three were taken to the Wood-Wright Hospital, and Riddell was in such a serious condition that he was left there.

Col. McClellan tossed aside the printed titles. "Heaven pity those who are not married a night like this," he said. "Bring them in here and they were wedded. He was Maurice B. Gardner, 27, a waiter at a Lincoln place, and she was Marcella B. Lloyd, 22, of 24th street.

They passed down the slippery steps and into the wet streets, and the Mayor, standing by the side of the Mayor, turning from the cheerful grate fire, delved once more into the proxy bills. Sergt. Kenna began to don his overcoat. "Pretty soft for the plain people," said he.

SHORT WORK WITH PIER FIRE.

Marine and Land Forces Wipe Out a Clyde Line Blaze in the Gale.

A fire in the offices at the land end of the Clyde Line pier, No. 39 North River, at the foot of Charlton street, gave the firemen a start last night because a stiff wind was howling down the river and two big ships, the Apache and Carib, were moored one on each side of the pier.

The land forces under Chief Croker gathered on the West street end and directed the New York firemen. Three fireboats, the New Yorker, the Abram S. Hewitt and the George B. McClellan, came on the second alarm and jammed themselves into the basin among the tangle of lighters and floats.

The Hewitt and the New Yorker were on the north side of the pier and the McClellan on the south side. Booms on the sides of the pier were forced open and the huge streams thrown by the fireboats drove back what fire had spread west of the offices.

With the fireboats attacking it in the rear and the land forces from the front the three-story frame office was literally deluged, and within an hour the fire was under control. Steam was up on the Apache and Carib, and their commanders made ready to push out into the stream, but as they started it was seen that they were dragging the fireboats with them.

Upon the advice of Chief Croker the two ships were halted in order to give the fireboats a chance to get in their good work. The blaze was first seen in the front of the offices on the second floor about 10 o'clock. Noisy was in the room. The offices were pretty well gutted. Chief Croker estimated the damage at \$90,000. Very little of the freight on the pier was damaged.

COATLESS DINER SUSPENDED.

Answer of the Century Country Club to the Query as to Eating in One's Shirt.

The complicated questions of etiquette which still leave their baleful summer trail over the Century Country Club of Westchester will not down. The house committee, which disciplined Henry C. Bernheimer with such vehemence that he felt obliged to resign, has now suspended that gentleman for several months from the privileges of the club.

The committee is composed of Albert M. Wittenberg, Harry H. Meyer, Benjamin Stern and Harry Rindskopf. It was Mr. Meyer of the committee who was most active in prosecuting Mr. Bernheimer for the crime of having taken dinner at the club on August 15, 1904, without his coat. Mr. Bernheimer having supposed that he and his wife were the only persons present at the club.

Mr. Bernheimer has since refused to retract the protest he sent to the house committee, in which he severely criticized the "impertinence" of their letter of censure to him on the subject of coatless dinners. Now he is suspended, and his friends are busily engaged in securing names to the protest against this way of disciplining him.

Mr. Bernheimer is a member of the club, one of them said yesterday, "have signed their names. They all feel that Mr. Bernheimer was not treated by the house committee as a member should be. We ask to have his suspension withdrawn and expect to get enough members to show the committee what the feeling of the majority of the members is."

THE FUTURE SHOPPING STREET.

A Million Dollar Purchase of Realty Which Points Toward 24th Street.

The valuable site opposite the Waldorf-Astoria was sold yesterday by the Century Realty Company to a client of Albert B. Ashforth. It comprises four lots on the north side of Thirty-fourth street, 150 feet west of Fifth avenue, and two lots abutting on Thirty-fifth street. The property is assessed on the tax books at \$1,200,000, but is understood to have brought about \$1,000,000.

According to Mr. Ashforth, the buyer is a well known dry goods house. He declined to give the name of the firm, but denied a report that the H. B. Clafin Company was his principal. It is believed that the buyer is trying to secure additional property. The plot includes the old Henry Hilton residence and part of the site of the old A. S. Wainwright building.

The deal is one of several recent transactions which seem to show that Thirty-fourth street is to become one of the principal cross-town shopping streets in the city. The new Altman store is to occupy the entire block bounded by Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets and Fifth and Madison avenues. The Macy and Saks stores are at the Sixth avenue end. Much of the intervening frontage is already taken up by modern business buildings. The most prominent site left, namely, the old Tabernacle property, at the northeast corner of Broadway, is owned by Mr. Altman.

MAYOR TOOK PITY.

And Made Two Impertunates One Who Drifted In Out of the Snow.

How the wind howled about the City Hall! It was almost 9 of the scaffolded Hall. The Mayor sat in his office, later than his wont, conning gas and water bills. Sergt. Kennel, student of the common people, kept watch and ward without. The Mayor sat in the warmth of the hall came a deponent pair.

"We must be married," said the young man to the sergeant. "There are no Aldermen about, and his Honor is engaged in work."

"We must be married," said the young woman to the sergeant, and she was dark of hair and fine of feature. "I'll ask the Mayor," said the Sergeant, "but it's very unusual." And he asked him.

Col. McClellan tossed aside the printed titles. "Heaven pity those who are not married a night like this," he said. "Bring them in here and they were wedded. He was Maurice B. Gardner, 27, a waiter at a Lincoln place, and she was Marcella B. Lloyd, 22, of 24th street.

MASKED MEN PAY EARLY CALL.

Ring Mr. Hurd's Bell at 6:20 P. M. and Hold Up Butler.

Wear Domino Masks and Short Velts—Were Inquiring After the Table Silver When a Voracious Cocker Spaniel Set Up Such a Racket That They Fled.

A ring came at the bell of Ebenezer Hurd's house, 19 West Eighth-sixth street, at 6:20 o'clock Saturday night. The Hurd negro butler, William, supposed it was his mistress returning, and opened the door. Two masked men popped into the hall. One of them, short and stout and adorned with a black mustache, shoved a revolver under William's nose.

"Not a word," said he. William, who is a spare person not given to rough and tumble gunplay, glanced at the revolver, but was not so frisky with it, and decided that "not a word" was an excellent motto.

"Show us to the dining room," said the foremost burglar. William led the way. The Hurd has a handsome cocker spaniel, who spends his afternoons in the library on the second floor, and is usually to be found at the head of the stairs about dinner time. The word of his master to come down and have something. When he heard the door open to admit the burglars he went to the top of the stairs and sniffed. What came to him was not satisfactory and by the time the burglars in the wake of William had reached the dining room the spaniel had struck up a fortissimo bark. The burglars got very nervous.

"Hey," said one to William, "is any of the family at home?" "They are," said William, discreetly if not grammatically.

The burglars glanced at the dining room and saw that the plates, if not under lock and key, was at least under cover. "Back to the hall," said one to William, poking his gun at the butler's ribs. The three fled toward the entrance.

By this time the spaniel was making a noise fit to wake the dead and both burglars had their revolvers at full cock and pointed straight ahead. When they had marched the butler to the top of the stairs they pointed upward with their firearms. William was not slow to take the tip and went up the steps, touching only the top-most of the pipes. The burglars opened the door and slid into the night.

William, although he wasn't sure that the burglars had left the house, rushed into a front room on the second floor, threw up a window and yelled at the top of his lungs: "Thieves! Pollock Help!"

The best this did was to send the burglars running toward Eighth avenue. The butler called to himself and reported to Mr. and Mrs. Hurd when they came home that burglars had called, but had taken nothing. Charles Hermann, who has a furniture store at Columbus avenue and Eighty-sixth street, is sure that he could identify the mustached burglar if he should see him again. He says that the man walked and drew the street across from the Hudson street end of the block, and that burglars had called, but had taken nothing.

Mr. Hurd is a produce dealer, with offices at 207 Forsyth street and 223 Produce street. The burglars were domino masks with short velts.

TALE OF NOONDAY HOLD-UP.

Boy Says He Was Chloroformed in Fulton Street Near Broadway—\$200 Gone.

A woman called the attention of some passersby in Fulton street just before noon yesterday to a boy who was stretched out in the hallway of 174 Fulton street, which isn't more than 100 feet west of Broadway. The boy was lying on his back and seemed to be semi-conscious. Detectives Cohen and Fitzsimmons of the Church street station came along, took the boy up on his feet and asked him what the matter was.

"I've been robbed," he said at the same time putting his hand to the inside pocket of his coat, which was empty. The detectives tried to get something out of him. He was trembling all over and in another minute he collapsed altogether and seemed to lose consciousness. The detectives sent him to the Hudson street hospital, where the case was put down as hysteria.

When the police came to his aid he was Emil Rosenfeld, 21 years old, of 145 East 123d street, employed as a messenger by his brother-in-law, Martin M. Kahn, who keeps a hardware store at 30 Cortlandt street. According to his story, which was partially corroborated by Kahn later, Rosenfeld left the store yesterday with \$20 in his pocket in checks and money orders to deposit in the National Park bank, at Broadway and Fulton street.

"I was walking east on Fulton street toward Broadway," Rosenfeld said, "when a man with a black mustache passed me. Just after he got past me I heard him turn back. I wanted to look at him, and as I did he grabbed me from behind and pressed a handkerchief which smelled queer up to my nose. Then he pushed me into the hallway, where another man was standing. I didn't know anything after that until I saw the crowd and felt my money gone."

The doctors at the hospital could not find the slightest trace of any drug or narcotic or any marks showing that Rosenfeld had been roughly handled. He had a cut on his forehead, but, according to some of those who found the boy, he had cut his hand in falling in the hallway.

Police Captain McNally turned loose half a dozen men and went out himself to investigate the case. Kahn, who is having a removal sale, told the police that the boy had left his store just about twenty minutes before he was found and was accustomed to go to the bank every day with a deposit about the amount of \$20. He said that the boy was telling the truth. The police could find no witnesses.

ELEVATED TIES BLAZE UP.

Fuse Blows Out on "No Passengers" Train and Ties Up Things for 20 Minutes.

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL INJURED.

Actress Breaks a Knee Cap and Will Be Laid Up for Two Months.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 3.—With "Pinky Panky" under one arm and a copy of Maurice Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny" under the other, Mrs. Patrick Campbell slipped upon the ice while trying to enter a cab in front of the St. James Hotel to-night. The actress fell, fractured her knee cap.

The physicians at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, where she was taken, declared the break to be a bad one and said that, should the actress make rapid improvement, it would be at least two months before she could leave the institution. Mrs. Campbell was leaving her hotel to go to the Broad Street Theatre, where she was playing the second week of an engagement in "The Sorrows." The audience was informed of the accident and was dismissed.

When Manager Daly after a conference with Dr. Martin, learned the extent of the star's injury he announced her entire American tour will be cancelled. A tea attended by many society women was being held at the residence of Mrs. Spencer Ervin when the accident occurred.

Among the guests was the daughter of the actress. Word was taken to her of her mother's mishap and the tea suffered an immediate eclipse as the guests hastened to the hospital to tender their sympathy.

MESSAGE FROM GALE AT SEA.

San Jacinto Sends Word That She's Tussling With It Off the Jersey Coast.

The Mallory liner San Jacinto, from Galveston, discovered the storm off the Jersey coast last night, and telegraphed his agents through the De Forest wireless that the ship was having a hard tussle with a great gale, high seas and sleet and snow, and was making only three knots an hour. The skipper said she would be up in the morning.

WHO DROPPED A ROLL?

It Was Found in Fulton Street, Brooklyn, and Runs Into the Hundreds.

Oscar Edgar, a Manhattan commission merchant, picked up a big roll of bills at the doorway of Frederick Schimm's cafe in Fulton street, Brooklyn, last night. He took it to Schumm and told him to give it to any one who could prove ownership. He wouldn't tell how much there was in the roll, but said it was in the hundreds.

THEODORE THOMAS CRITICAL.

Has a Relapse in His Illness of Pneumonia—Fears for the Result.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—At midnight to-night the attending physicians gave out a statement to the effect that Theodore Thomas, who is ill with pneumonia, had suffered a relapse during the evening and is now in a critical condition.

DEFEW WOODRUFF'S GUEST.

Odell Didn't Appear—Prominent Republican Says There.

ALBANY, Jan. 3.—Senator Dewey spent the night in Albany to-day. To-night, Gov. Higgins, he was a guest at a dinner given by Timothy L. Woodruff to the Republican members of the Legislature from Kings county. Mr. Odell had been invited, but telegraphed a declination this afternoon.

Other guests included the State officers, a number of prominent Republicans in the Senate and Assembly, Col. Michael J. Dady, Judge Jacob Bronner, Representative Calder and ex-Assemblyman Price of Brooklyn.

RECLUSE LEFT, MAYBE, \$500,000.

Money Found in Peck Measure, in Books and Under Carpets.

BIRMINGHAM, N. J., Jan. 3.—Firman Dabel denied almost with his last breath last Wednesday that he had any wealth other than the home in which he lived and the spacious grounds that surrounded his residence. His estate is now expected to amount to between \$300,000 and \$500,000.

Stored in dusty recesses and out of the way nooks, laid between the leaves of books which were carefully placed in unlocked trunks and hidden beneath the carpet, which covered the floors in his home, much money is said to have been found.

In one instance a peck measure was found containing \$1,700, and a wooden box held \$2,500 in gold. A thin book, merely a pamphlet, contained thirty-eight small, occultive leaves thirty-eight-hundred bills. Old clothing in various trunks and chests had been used as receptacles for money. He had lived the life of a recluse for a score of years, having as his sole companion a housekeeper who was his ward.

FIREMAN CRUSHED TO DEATH.

While He Was Helping Fight a \$100,000 Factory Blaze on Hoboken Meadows.

Fireman William Buckley of Engine Company 5 was killed yesterday at a fire which destroyed a four-story brick factory building on the meadows at Fifteenth and Adams streets, Hoboken. Buckley had been playing a stream on the flames for nearly an hour when a heavy iron bracket supporting a fire escape dropped on him. He died in St. Mary's Hospital five hours later.

The fire started at 3 A. M. in the plant of the Elysian Supply Company on the first floor. All the apparatus in the city was called out. The firemen were handicapped by a lack of hydrants and the swampy nature of the land surrounding the building. The blaze wasn't extinguished until 8 o'clock A. M.

FORTS TURNED OVER TO JAPS.

Victors Enter Last of the Port Arthur Defences—Troops Prisoners of War.

Officers to Go on Parole. Russians Had About 10,000 Killed During the Siege.

Terms of Surrender Include Complete Transfer of Property, With Lists and Maps—Czar Abandons His Tour of Inspection of Troops and Hurries Back to St. Petersburg—Stoessel Tells of the Hopelessness of the Last Days of the Siege—